at all disappointed. Soon after this we went for a swim in the geyser fed pool. Lots of fun & splashing left me quite hungry. Lois still unable to join us. After lunch the others set out on a nature walk but slight rain sent them home. I had a necessary washing to do, including my hair. Boy, does it feel good to be clean!! Then I flopped down for a bit of a rest & slept hard for more than an hour.

We secured a hot cup of tea for Lois who was able to take it, feels better but wobbly. I sneak off by myself to the edge of the stream to write some notes & came

8- after supper (good!) attended the Council fire talks. Quite impressed with the huge numbers that turn out for these talks. Threatening rumbles developed into a much needed thunder shower. In the shelter of the museum I squandered more money on a book for Peggy, tined

Too old for her. People dispersed in a hurry ending the lecture which was rather confusing anyway. To bed & sleep after I shushed up the women in the cabin next door.

July 15th

Lois feeling quite chipper this a.m. She jogs us for breakfast & the geyser walk. Ranger explains various points of interest of the geysers, ~~fountains~~ springs, & pools. We stop at a vantage pt. to see Old Faithful, the Daisy, & Castle, not off blew unceremoniously.

11^{15} Robt. C. & I are preparing for an hrs. horseback promised Robt. in Kaibab. The smell of sulpher appears out in the air, but not unbearable. All these geysers etc. are most interesting and amazing. Too bad it's a cloudy day. I'm sure the beautiful colors of the pools would show up even more.

I forgot to mention the bear! After breakfast

2 great big lumbering creatures ambling thru the cabins, sticking their heads into some doors. One was black, the other cinnamon. What a sight. Such stolid characters.

2 - Back from our horseback ride. We didn't ever take time for desert to be on our way. Robert was saddled up to Mickey Mou Arbelle on Speeter, & I had Powder. We had a nice quiet ride crossing a couple of rocky streams. But the ride back was the most fun. We set out at a good healthy trot & before we knew it we were galloping! Whee! We all clutched our saddle horn & away we went. It was just an hour ride, which seemed like 30 min.

Now we are packed & riding around looking at the various springs, pools & geysers. Morning Glory not nearly as beautiful as Gem & Blk. Sand Pool which are a gorgeous Cerulean bl. M.G. filled with logs, spoiled. Sapphire is the most beautiful in color. Incredible how these calm surfaced suddenly began to bubble, then, boil, then gush up in loud whoosh. The silica formations on the sides are most interesting in both shape & color ranging from white thru the yellows, orange,

The Ranger was right. A traffic jam ahead turned out to be a bear holdup. A mamma bear with 3 cubs munching stuff thrown from cars. But suddenly Mama makes a quick lunge for nearest photographer. You should have seen everyone scamper for their cars. One cub stood up appealingly on his his hind feet, another wandered aimlessly arond mama, & the 3rd loped up a tree climbing with his forefeet & pushing along with his hind.

Fountain Paint Pot. This one is quite amusing with mud plopping 2-6 ft. high, color range from wh. to choc. Makes quite a noise too. The fountain geysers are quite interesting too. But its the blue colors of the pools that I like, ranging from pale baby blue, turquoise, pure blues, to deep saphires. You look across these steam filled basins, people look like phantom figures emerging. Driving to Mammouth Ht. Springs via Norris Geyser Basin the odor of sulphur is much stronger. Lois having difficulty reading the guidebook backwards. Doing wonderfully despite riding. Southr N! Twin Lakes a deep rich gr. Book says look for moose. We do, + see one, a big

stalwart guy, + a cow, too flapping her ears at me. Lots of beaver dams. Quickly passed Roaring Mt. with steam vents + Ob. glass cliff. We reach Mammouth Ht. Spr. when my tummy says its suppertime. We are all quite amazed at what the town is. A gray sand colored paint forms a wall of protection. The bldgs. of sand, stone, or wood are painted the same color. Rather drab. But the cabins are brand new + the most comfortable. At first it was rather a shock not to find the smoke holes, formed in all other Nat. Pks. This is headquarters for the whole pk. & everything is more permanent. Mileage 60.

Even the campfires here are different. The Rangers at O.F. seem to have one whale of a good time.

After dinner another Camp fire talk. Brent & I make a bet as to whether they start off by singing I lose a penny. A most interesting, well given talk on the Pks. in general But those logs can be hard to sit on. Coyote howls just as being talked about.

July 16th

Everyone full of Old Faithful at breakfast. My bag again burnt of riding. At 9 we take the auto caravan to see the terraces the hot spring here have built up [illegible] ft. high. Have a drink from Soda Spring. Tastes warm, sulphurish, & like soda. At Poison Spring ~~find~~ dead birds carbon dioxide -). See a mule deer quite close. Go back to feed her (Ranger said we could) but she scampers away when we get 10 ft. She has a fawn around that we do not see. We pack split up, others go for a swim while I write some necessary cards. After a hurried lunch & a hard shower we set out for Canyon. Over the hills just ahead of the shower now. We see lots of things but somehow I just feel "writ" out as far as describing it minutely. I spotted a moose quite close, but Brent didn't see it in time to stop. We stop at Lower Falls the overcast day does not do justice to the spot but they are quite beautiful! Next stop is Inspiration Pt.

An extreme drop right out from under us, the steep walls of the canyon, many beautiful shades of colors. way down to the clear brilliant green water. We all agree that the Canyon looks more like one than G.C. Can see now where the Park gets its name. The algae in the hot springs & the walls of these canyon a soft gold color. The converging lines of alley make pinks & reds. The clearness of the water makes changing patterns from greenish foam where the rocky falls are to the deep (10 ft) flowing dark greens. Where's Adelle? Oh, she probably fell over, says Lois calmly. The sudden sunshine brings out all kinds of colors. Back to the base & to our cabins for the night. Here are seedling pine trees on a high cliff over-looking the Upper Falls. They are just breathtaking. That gr. water churned to rich foamy drops dramatically thru many subtle changes of color. The spray flings itself back in defiance. Down to the right is another falls but very delicate & restrained compared to the turbulent dynamic force of the Upper. This whole setting is more like what we expect except no keys to the doors. Adelle & I eat the deer crackers (4 p.m.) we are so hungry. It's quite chilly & I'm glad to have my tweed suit.

In the car again & out Artists Pt. It really is lovely. We are exactly opposite Inspiration Pt. viewed before. Directly below is in the stream deposits. The lower falls is visible from here & many serpentine curves of the green Yellowstone River. ~~The others feel~~ This is the highest falls of all. Altho we are not as close the roar sounds about the same. The walls of the canyon are that soft yellow gold covered with blk. lichen. For a moment the sun suddenly fell across the river lightening it up like a stream of molten ~~gold~~ silver. The others feel more ambitious than I & are taking a 1/2 mi. walk to Sublime Pt. I

tagged along for a whil but decided at the crest of a glorious view that this was enough at one time for me. I like just sitting here looking at nature the way God intended it. It never ceas to amaze me the way trees grow out of barren rock all the way down the walls. Against these yellow walls the green of the pines & firs are a brilliant Kelly gr. in comparison to the ~~dr~~ H. gr. of Bryce.

We hurried thru supper to get out to the Grizzly Bear grounds where they were being fed. The quantity of cars, 200 busses (15) reminded us of a football game. But it well worth it. In a amphitheatre the whole side of a hillside (we were fenced in!) we overlooked a lg platform where the garbage had been strewn. A ranger talked to us mostly to keep us quiet for if the bear hear or smell (they near sighted) they disappear. This is wild life at its best. The mamas stayed around the hillside keeping an eye on their cubs while the papas & grandpas growled & fought among themselves! One apparently was the boss for all the others respectfully stayed a way from him. There was Limpy who hobbled around on 3 feet & 2 younger bears who loped across the meadow late. They are really funny! The ranger likened them unto humans for their industry, One will dig 1/2 hr. for a mouse while the Blk. Bear are bums, smart but lazy